The Revolution.

"What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

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Poetry.

THE WIFE'S BECAUSE.

It is not because your heart is mine—mine only—
Mine alone;
It is not because you chose me, weak and lonely,
For your own;
Not because the earth is fairer, and the skies
Spread above you
Are more radiant for the shining of your eyes,
That I love you!

It is not because the world's perplexed meaning
Grows more clear,
And the parapets of heaven, with angels leaning,
Seem more near;
And Nature sings of praise with all her voices
Since you spoke,
Since with my silent heart that now rejoices,
Love awoke!

Nay, not even because your hand holds heart and life
At your will,
Soothing, hushing all its discord, making strife,
Calm and still;
Teaching Trust to fold her wings, nor ever roam
From her nest;
Teaching Love that her securest, safest home
Must be rest.

But because this human love, though true and sweet—
Yours and mine—
Has been sent by Love more tender, more complete,
More divine,
That it leads our hearts to rest at last in heaven,
Far above you,
Do I take thee as a gift that God has given—
And I love you!

ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

"I MIGHT HAVE BEEN MORE KIND."

Her quiet resting place is far away,
None dwelling there have wept for her sad story;
The stones are mute. The stones could only say,
"A humble spirit pass'd away to glory."

She loved the murmur of this mighty town;
The lark rejoiced her from its lattice prison;
A streamlet soothes her now—the bird has flown—
Some dust is waiting there—a soul has risen.

No city smoke to stain the heather bells—
Sigh, gentle winds, around my lone love sleeping;
She bore her burthen here, but now she dwells
Where scorner never came, and none are weeping.

My name was faltered with her parting breath—
These arms were round my darling at the latest;
All scenes of death are woe—but painful death
In those we dearly love is surely greatest!

I could not die; He will'd it otherwise;
My lot is here, and sorrow, wearing older,
Weighs down the heart, yet does not fill the eyes,
And even friends may think that I am colder.

I might have been more kind, more tender; now
Repining wrings my bosom. I am grateful
No eye can see this mark upon my brow;
All, all my old companionship is hateful.

But when at times I steal away from these
To find her grave, and pray to be forgiven;
And when I watch beside her on my knees,
I think I am a little nearer heaven.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

Jenny Lind sang in London, lately, in aid of the German wounded.

Our Special Contributors.

A PRIVATE LETTER.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

[Any one familiar with the wise comments and delightful criticisms which habitually enrich Mrs. Stanton's correspondence on the woman's rights movement, knows that multitudes of letters from her pen, though not written for publication, are too good not to be published; and the following is an interesting specimen.—ED. REVOLUTION.]

Dear Mrs. Bullard: I have just read your article in THE REVOLUTION on the scope of the woman question, and the narrow policy of the Boston Society and its organ, in restricting the agitation to suffrage alone.

Our dear friend, Lucretia Mott, while on a visit at my home, called my attention to several articles by T. W. Higginson, reflecting on the purity and dignity of the early leaders in this movement, and demanding that the discussion should be limited for the present to the political rights of women—considering, as he says, that the presentation of the comparative merits of different cooking stoves would be as germaine in our platform as the social wrongs of woman. "If," said Mrs. Mott, "the Boston society and *Journal* propose thus to limit our demands, I know to which side I belong."

A reference to the reports of all the early conventions shows that the social wrongs of my sex occupied altogether the larger place in the debates, speeches, and resolutions.

The first resolution I presented on suffrage was thought to degrade rather than dignify the occasion, and even Mrs. Mott urged the committee to withhold it for a season.

Mr. Higginson boasts that under his leadership the ranks have been cleared of all objectionable persons and "side issues," and the reform clearly based on one idea.

Now with all due deference to the Rev. gentleman as a neat and dapper reformer and rhetorician, as an ex-cathedra authority in dress, manners, and culinary utensils, I doubt whether the earnest, suffering womanhood of this nation will accept him as their mouthpiece to measure the depths of their degradation, or to decide, among their many sorrows and oppressions, which in its order should invariably come first. Had this curt, calm, complacent gentleman ever belonged to an outraged, ostracised class, he might sometimes have been betrayed into such overflowings of impatience and indignation as are quite beyond his ideas of dignity and propriety to-day.

"It is remarkable," says Dean Swift, "with what patience and fortitude some men can bear other folks' sufferings."

It is just as impossible for men to understand the slavery of the women in their own households as it was for slaveholders to understand that of the African race on their plantations, and just as impossible for one as the other to see that the first step to education, elevation, and enfranchisement, is personal freedom.

If the Boston wing of our army is married, as they announce, to the Republican party, and their demand is limited to suffrage, we need the platform of the Union Woman's Suffrage Society and THE REVOLUTION for the broader, grander, more radical reform; and I hope, at the coming Cleveland Convention, there will be no marrying of your society and journal under Boston leaders, who have never yet sounded the depths of woman's humiliation.

It needs but little observation to see that grave, social struggles lie right before us. With the higher demands of women for social freedom and purity will come more degrading, arbitrary laws than we have ever known before.

Look at the Contagious Disease Act in England. Look at the efforts to license prostitution in Missouri, Ohio and New York. Look at our Dred Scott decision in the Richardson-M'Farland case, and pray do not let women, whose souls are all on fire with insults to their sex like these, be cramped and cribbed and cowed by bloodless men, who give more thought to mode and manner than to the momentous questions that are upheaving our whole social life to-day.

The late bill in the British parliament on the social vice roused the whole womanhood of England to indignant action, and the advocates of woman's suffrage led the van in opposition to such lordly legislation, and the John Stuart Mills made no protests on "side issues," nor attacked the purity of the women who denounced the social wrong that bill involved.

Similar legislation in our country has not created a ripple on the surface, because crafty priests and politicians are hiding from woman the real causes of her helplessness, dependence, and degradation.

I suppose if T. W. H. had his hand on the helm of the woman's movement in England, he would compel Josephine Butler, Emily Faithfull and Lady Amberley "to take back seats" for discussing this "side issue."

I think the Boston Society should make T. W. H. president, for he is really the moving spirit in that association. Beecher is merely a man of straw, without the slightest knowledge or interest in their plans or purposes.

I went, last evening, with Theodore Tilton, to see Marie Seebach in Taming of the Shrew. She played Kate so admirably, looked so happy and beautiful in her wifely subjection, that I went home in despair of my sex. I should have wept tears of bitterness had I not remembered that glorious old Shakespeare

wrote that play specially to satirize the old common law of England for married women. I have often thought if poor Kate had lived in Indiana, Petruchio's experiment might have been a short one.

But his was no great achievement after all. One could be starved and worried into any kind of submission. I have no doubt we could get a glowing article in the New York *Tribune* in favor of woman's suffrage, if Mr. Greeley were convinced that he could never eat or sleep again until he wrote one. That is all there was of Kate's submission.

I go West in a few days, to remain until the last of December, and hope to send you an occasional letter. Sincerely yours,

SOME REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN.

The orthodox Jews have a prayer in which they thank God that they were not born women. It is a Jewish writer also who declares that "the badness of men is better than the goodness of women." This taint of oriental prejudice has come down to us in spite of the fact that Hebrew history furnishes some notable examples of female genius and worth. Israel was like a sun of civilization shining in the midst of pagan darkness; and although the women of the nation were only admitted to an outer court of the temple of God, their susceptible and delicately responsive natures answered at once to the demands which the true religion made for greater purity, higher dignity, and a sweeter and more gracious mien than could anywhere be found among the subjects of Gog and Magog.

Among the grand and epic forms of primeval womanhood, no picture is more gloriously beautiful than that of Miriam clashing her cymbals and singing her ecstatic song of triumph upon the borders of the sea. Miriam, in her flowing robes, with her eyes raised in a trance of inspiration, is the typical poetess of the world.

There is something that smacks singularly of modern ideas and prejudices in the story of the panic caused among the princes and nobles composing the court of King Ahasuerus, by the insubordination of Vashti.

> "O, Vashti, noble Vashti! summoned out,
> She kept her state, and left the drunken king
> To brawl at Shushan, underneath the palms."

The fear that female disobedience might become chronic if a single act were allowed to pass unreproved seems to have paralyzed the heart of the king. Could anything be more pat to the modern opposers of independent thought and action in women than his horrible suspicion, that if "this deed of the queen shall come abroad to all women they shall despise their husbands; thus shall there arise too much contempt and wrath." Evidently it was not any safer to let women think for themselves in those days than it is now. We are told what a dreadful example would be set to the women of India and Persia who, as soon as they heard of the deed of the queen, would go and do likewise. Evidently, in those days, there was suppressed discontent in the bosom of womanhood from "India even into Ethiopia." A spark only was required to set the revolution in a blaze.

We are not told why Vashti refused to obey the king's mandate. Perhaps she was acting under a higher law than the law of conscience. Perhaps an exalted, proud nature refused longer to submit to the commands of a low sensualist. At any rate, we shall claim Vashti as the first woman's rights woman on record.

The Jewish maiden, Esther, who was brought to Shushan, if perchance she might find favor in the eyes of the king, lived at that heathen court as the representative of her nation. She was wedded to Jewish polity and religion. At once, when raised to the rank of queen, she showed the rarest discrimination and knowledge of character. When the king's life was threatened, she revealed to him the plot. Later, when the weak monarch was about to destroy her people at the request of a malignant favorite, her noble courage rose to its full stature. She broke the law more signally than Vashti had ever done; but she had the wisdom to know how and when to dare. Finding favor in the sight of the king she set a feast. Feasting and imbibing appear to have been among the old monarch's prime weaknesses. Evidently, in a fit of indigestion, he had disgraced Vashti; but Esther knew how to play upon his passions, to tickle his fancies, to soothe and mould him to her purposes, until her people were saved. Therefore, we shall class Esther as the best type of the female diplomatist.

The Queen of Sheba—that gorgeous, oriental figure—was indubitably a strong-minded woman. She came to Jerusalem "with a very great company, and camels that bare spices and gold in abundance, and precious stones," hoping to bewilder Solomon by her magnificence, and to puzzle him with hard questions. But she found his state and wisdom so much greater than her own, that she frankly confessed herself beaten in the strife. Perhaps if the Queen of Sheba had lived in our day, she would have been presidentess of a debating society.

The Jewish church, though denying her much, admitted woman to one of its highest offices, that of prophetess. The belief that she could come in direct contact with the deity was a vast concession in favor of the loftiness of her soul. The aged Anna, who had communed with God for so many years, was the precursor and prototype of the religious teachers among women of our own time. The Greek and Egyptian priestess was also the embodiment of the belief that heavenly truth and inspiration often make a shrine of the pure heart of woman. The order of female ministrants has been interrupted for many ages; but the time has again come when those whose lips have been touched with a live coal from off the altar can speak to the people for their spiritual health.

Last on the list we shall place Martha, a somewhat ordinary character, one not calculated to win much distinction in the world—in fact, a business woman. Grant that she was sometimes fussy and intrusive, giving more than due weight to the material things about which she was employed, we must also remember that she received no aid from the saintly Mary in the care of the house and the effort to make ends meet. The whole responsibility of the establishment fell upon her shoulders, and doubtless she was often footsore and weary; fretted with the thousand little trials of her position, that nurtured thorny points of temper, little acerbities and irritations, although the heart-core underneath was sweet and sound.

We have generally noticed that the Mary's of this world have Martha's to watch over and provide for them. Mary makes the serenest, fairest figure in life; but when the heavenly gate swings wide to receive her, doubtless the toilsome, care-taking Martha, cumbered with much serving, will be close at her side; "For God judgeth not as man judgeth."

A TEXT.

BY LEWISE.

"The friends of woman suffrage, who seem to us sadly to cheapen the cause by the attempt to ask the aid of any party convention that will listen, have at least had in Massachusetts *a very distinct revelation of the direction in which they are to look for sympathy*. The Republican Convention courteously received, and candidly discussed, their proposition, and gave it a very significant vote. The Democratic Convention laughed it down. The friends of the cause ought to reflect that their position is peculiar. They are not voters; yet their object is to affect voting. But the voters are practically divided into two great parties, the issues of which seem to them more important than the extension of suffrage to woman. Until, therefore, there is a sufficient number of voters in one of those parties, to whom this is the paramount issue, and whose defection would change the general result, ought not the movement to remain a moral appeal to public opinion?"

The above "Text," for a few thoughts, I find in *Harper's Weekly* of Oct. 29th, under the head of "Notes."

I had been thinking similar things, feeling that there was a call for somebody to say something, and was glad to find that my favorite *Harper* had anticipated the demand.

"Sadly to cheapen the cause." Do we not more than "sadly cheapen the cause" by truckling to a party whose principles (or lack of principles) we repudiate, from whom we can expect nothing, and whose members, as a rule, despise and ridicule us? Is it not as blind, if not as bad, as it is for that party to truckle to the foreign element of our population, and pander to their love of liquor and the liquor traffic, by decrying all prohibitory laws, as I see that their organ, the *World*, is doing? Quite different would be the fact of taking *offered* assistance from their hands, as Mrs. E. C. Stanton says she would do from his Satanic Majesty, and, "making a courtesy," say, "Devil, I thank you." But even then, I should suspect "poison in the cup," or that their "fine gold was counterfeit.

My dear sisters, I may be mistaken. If I am, please enlighten me; but principle is principle all the world over; and knowing that "truth is mighty and will prevail," *can* we ask or expect a party to take us up whom we should desert as soon as suffrage was given us.

Would it not be better to appeal to the Republican party, whose *principles* of human freedom the majority of us "are in love with," as perseveringly as did "the oppressed widow to the unjust judge," until, if for no other reason, from very "weariness," they see that justice is done us?

The experience of others must have been quite dissimilar to my own, if they look for little else than insult from Democrats. There are a few "Conservatives" among them (not enough to save the party by any means) who will greet a woman affably, listen politely, and bow her out gracefully; and that is all, unless, perhaps, to sneer or laugh when her back is turned and the door is closed. But from the majority of them you get, "instanter," a rattle and a bite, and usually the bite comes first; if you are warned by a rattle, you are lucky.

It is not because the name of Democrat is not all it should be—heaven save the name—but it is as if the deadly nightshade had assumed the charmed name of rose; for they certainly "stole the livery of heaven to serve the devil in."

I am reminded of the indignant utterance of a white-haired patriot of seventy-five when accused, just before the late war, of having "turned his coat and left his party." I have not turned my coat, nor left my party. It is you who are "turn-coats," and have left me. I am a Jeffersonian Democrat, always have been, always shall be; but the party is rotten and corrupt."

I greatly fear that the Republican party is getting at least careless of its interests and the interests of humanity.

In many instances, it is well known that members and officers of churches, in whom a spark of religious conscientiousness had hitherto prevented them from doing much for the Democratic party, have, this fall, been making strenuous efforts for its success, and have succeeded in districts heretofore strongly Republican.

Since the fall elections, in every direction, their editorial chanticleers are sounding shrill notes of triumph, as if, at last, they surely beheld a day-dawn in their political horizon. I solemnly believe that the Republican party will be scourged into accepting our assistance, unless they do so now, while they can, gracefully and honorably.

No such mounting of the fence, pluming of the feathers, and cockadoodle-dooing in Wyoming Territory, and no such lamentable news from the Republican party there.

O, my Republican brothers of the States! why will you not heed the appealing eyes, the beseeching voice and outstretched hands of your devoted sisters, that your party may be saved, that justice may be done, that liberty may triumph, and the *human race* be made free?

WOMAN AS A PHYSICIAN.

BY MARY H. HEALD, M. D.

It seems hardly worth while at this late day to enter into an argument to prove woman's right to perform the offices and duties of a physician; this right has asserted *itself* in the eminent ability and success of Drs. Blackwell, Lozier, Preston, and scores of other women who are devoting their talents and energy to the profession which has enlisted their best thoughts and most womanly endeavors. But it may be serviceable to us to consider in what ways woman contributes especially to the elevation of the medical profession and the good of humanity, by sharing its labors and rewards with her brother man.

In the first place, her efforts tend to purify and ennoble the profession. Of the thousands of male students who graduate annually in the United States, and go forth to practice among the sick and suffering, a very large minority are unscrupulous men, who merely seek a livelihood from their practice, without any high, ennobling aim or motive; these are generally coarse, vulgar beings who are incapable of appreciating either the sacredness attaching to the most wonderful of God's works—the human organism—or the purity of heart of many of the afflicted ones who call upon them for aid and counsel. Many sufferers have, in times past, been compelled to consult such physicians, or do without medical advice. Of the women who have chosen this field of labor, there are very few who have not felt a sense of their own peculiar fitness to perform their part worthily, or who are wanting in reverence for either the material or spiritual revelations of the Divine Being in humanity. These purer-hearted women will, in coming years, displace those men whose coarseness, ignorance and want of principle have made the practice of medicine, in too many instances, a repulsive, cruel empiricism. The true and large-hearted of the other sex will not only remain in the profession, to dignify and ennoble it, but will welcome the advent of every woman whose nature impels her to seek its labors and rewards. Such men will ever receive grateful tribute from all good women, whether patients or fellow-practitioners.

Another great benefit which will accrue to mankind through women physicians is the growth and diffusion of a healthier, purer sentiment with regard to the sexual relations of husband and wife. Mankind have been wont to talk eloquently about the sacredness of marriage; but how small has been the number of husbands and wives whose closest and most intimate relations have been the outgrowth of holy love. Is there anything sacred in the mere blending of the sexual forces under the blind guidance of passion? Marriage is used by many a husband as a mere cover for the gratifications of sensual desire, rather than as a sacred bond of pure and perfect mutual love. Against this iniquity, women as physicians wield a mightier influence than men; through their keener sensitiveness to such wrongs, they make more determined and strenuous efforts against them; they will continue to do so, and will labor to arouse both husbands and wives to a sense of their duty to each other, and the responsibility of those who assume the privileges of parentage.

When a woman enters a sick-room as physician, whiskey and tobacco do not pollute the atmosphere. In how many cases does the patient find the male physician's breath tainted with one or both of these poisons. How inconsistent to go to the bedside of the invalid, carrying foul and deleterious matters, when it is always of the utmost importance to supply the sick with an abundance of pure, fresh air. In the better time coming, women will demand of men, whether physicians, or husbands and brothers, abstinence from all unclean, injurious habits. For those men who are already free from all bondage, such as marks the slave of alcohol or tobacco, true women entertain the most hearty respect and appreciation.

Women physicians very properly render humanity service by ministering to a class of sufferers who, through extreme sensitiveness, find themselves unable to communicate their conditions to those of the opposite sex. Much can be done for those who suffer from diseases peculiar to their sex by intelligent, explicit instruction. The enlightened physician does not feel her duty completed when she has made a prescription for her patient; indeed, prescribing is a small part of her labor; her province is to teach her patients how to avoid disease, pointing out the causes thereof, and interpreting to her patients the laws of life and health; this, too, in phraseology that they can understand—not in the vernacular of the profession. This especially is woman's work. Educated women who have subjected their minds to thorough discipline are not only, as a general thing, superior to men as teachers, but particularly so in their ability to present scientific truths in language marked by simplicity and clearness.

Women being the mothers of our race, can better serve mothers in the matter of presenting to them useful and important knowledge relative to the maternal relation. How desirable that women should understand all the laws that govern the human organism, and control its various functions, but especially those which pertain to the relation of mother and child. It is essential that women shall become better informed in regard to their own structure, and that of the children committed to their care. And who so well fitted to teach mothers these invaluable lessons as the women who have devoted years to the faithful study of these subjects! Who so well calculated for obstetrical practice as women! When they prove themselves the equals of their brothers in professional ability and skill, they are certainly more welcome at the bedside of the parturient patient than men, not only because delicacy makes their presence more agreeable, but also because they are natural nurses, and being such, can minister to their patients more pleasantly and efficiently than would be possible for the opposite sex.

The time is coming in which we shall cease to respect the physician who considers his whole duty of making prescriptions; in that time, woman's work, not only as a physician, but in all the relations of life, will meet with more just and generous appreciation than in any preceding age.

MORE ABOUT MARRIAGE.

BY L. M. THURSTON.

Perhaps the readers of THE REVOLUTION have heard almost enough about marriage, through its columns, lately; but because the subject is, and justly, one of so much general interest, I venture to send a few of my thoughts about it.

The last article on the topic, by H. C. Ingersoll, seemed to me very discouraging. Indeed, I am not sure that its intention was anything more than to set forth the difficulty of forming a successful marriage—one that shall bring contentment, and not regret—with no attempt at enlightenment thereupon.

Does not the same feeling *justify* a marriage which justifies any other act, viz., conviction of duty and of right? What else can justify? And, therefore, it seems to me, many very unhappy marriages are yet *justifiable* upon the ground that they were contracted in honest, well-intentioned ignorance. They are mistakes—great, terrible, heart-breaking mistakes—but justifiable or not, according as the ignorance that allowed them was unavoidable or culpable.

In the formation of such a relation, which lasts for life, and is the shaping mould through which must pass, not only the lives of the two first interested, but of uncounted lives yet to be, all the wisdom and earnestness of the soul is stirred and called into action. But somehow, whatever wisdom and counsel from other friendly souls may be poured into

ours, as reinforcement for this important emergency, is pretty sure to be received with a nausea that destroys its efficacy, and we are obliged to rely solely on what is inherent, or has been previously induced or educated into power, in our own character.

For such as read THE REVOLUTION there is no need to hint at the disgusting and deserved disappointments of those people who marry in the spirit of speculation, for wealth, position, ease, etc. I am talking only to true women, who seek a full and perfect married life, such as, I believe, God meant should be for every man and woman; to women who already know that *equality* is the first great corner-stone of happiness in marriage. Allowing that there be a general and apparent equality in natural ability, education, and social position, two points only seem to me to remain, upon which hinges that fateful door that opens or closes for us so much of this life's joy—disposition or temperament, and aims and pursuits. With almost any woman, certainly with any one who is affectionate and sensitive, the first is the more important of the two. The continual jarring, in a household, caused by fretfulness or snappishness or any of the manifold expressions of bad temper, kills out its joys as acid eats out metal. Old Richard Baxter, in a sermon to young men on choosing a wife, made good temper the first requisition. Then he apologized for giving piety a secondary position, because he had become convinced that the grace of God could live with some people that he couldn't! It was well for him, perhaps, that his wife did not hear that sermon before marrying him!

Disposition extends into the question of temperaments. Certain temperaments we find agreeable, others disgusting; some soothing, satisfying, others irritating and aggravating. I doubt if any amount of genuine excellence can quite compensate for the torturing grate and file of daily contact with a disagreeable temperament. The story of Emily Chester well illustrates this. Yet some are far less sensitive than others to these subtile influences.

Some approximation to a similarity of tastes, labors, aims and pursuits opens a way to great increase in the happiness of two persons who undertake to share their lives with each other. Business life, with its thousand delicate, ever-varying complications, fascinating and engrossing to the men who enter it, but often too complex for comprehensible explanation to the wife who sits at home, and has no time, perhaps, amid her own household cares—frequently as manifold and complicated as her husband's—to read newspapers, and keep herself posted in general intelligence, has much to answer for in separating the interests of married people. The wife spares her husband recitals of her daily labors at home — generally dull and uninteresting enough, I admit—and in turn he spares her the story of his work, though could she follow its intricacies, they might often prove entertaining.

Thus the lives that should beat in time together, intimately shared as can be what belongs to another soul, shrink apart, and slowly, in the years, are moulded into shapes that are quite strange and unfamiliar. I have seen marriages formed between young people of the same avocation — who have worked together at the same bench or table—and the mutual interest they felt in their common business, even though the wife had left her post for the household cares, was yet a strong bond of sympathy between them. This thing will become more frequent as women come forward to share more completely man's work (and man's wages) in the various callings of life.

The hindrance of "great expectations" is, perhaps, not so common among women as among men. Women *know* that in all probability their circle of choice for a husband will be small—perhaps so small as to consist of no choice at all. Yet I think some may possibly be guilty of that more masculine fault of being *too particular*. It may be no harm to *have* in your mind an ideal of all manly excellence, but you will be a rare exception if you ever really find such a one—and rarer and more wonderful still if, finding him, you have the chance to marry him! Even for those who have some breadth of choice, the matter generally resolves itself into a choice of evils. What good quality can you afford to dispense with in your companion? What fault or deficiency is least obnoxious to you? The beauty and holiness of a double life is in learning to fit together your materials of character, to accommodate the powers of one soul with the failures of another. In short, you must recognize beforehand the faults and failures of your companion. If you can cover those with your charity and love, then the little unexpected, undiscovered virtues and abilities will come unconsciously, blossoming forth to repay you for your trouble.

Young people, in love, are too apt to look for nothing, see nothing, but what is pleasing. Therefore, they must find out all the rest afterwards, often to their bitter sorrow and disappointment. To have true and happy marriages, the first need is to dissipate the ignorance that leads to so many errors of judgment. Let young men and maids learn to read and understand character through all its infinite peep-holes of expression. Let them know the *meaning* of large chins and small chins, Roman, Grecian and pug noses, slant and upright foreheads, broad heads and narrow heads, flat heads and long heads, full lips and thin lips; and, above all, let them learn to read the quick lightening of the eye.

Fortified with such wisdom, but aware of the importance of the step they take, allowing fair share of influence to both the judgment of the mind and the feelings of the heart, let them enter upon married life with earnest conviction that marriage is a noble and holy duty — that the choice made is worthy and right—and such a marriage cannot fail to be "justifiable," nor, I sincerely believe, also a happy one.

A curious petition has been presented to Queen Victoria, signed by more than 2,500 women and girls employed in the art of bookbinding, setting forth the great loss and privation they suffer by the stoppage of the trade in prayer-books and church services, in consequence of the withdrawal of the Table of Lessons bill last session. They pray Her Majesty to cause it to be reintroduced into Parliament at the earliest possible period.

THE UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.—The women who spoke and voted at the National Conference appeared to great advantage, and added much to the wisdom and pleasure of the assembly.

Letters from Friends.

INTERESTS IN MISSOURI.

An article entitled "Woman Suffrage in Missouri," in the *Woman's Journal* of October 8th, embodying extracts from a recent letter of Mrs. W. T. Hazard, of this city, claims my attention, as setting forth erroneous statements concerning our organization, and which leads the reader to infer that we have become auxiliary to the "American Woman Suffrage Association," and that all of our members are identified with, and heartily support, the same. Such is not the fact. As an association, we are entirely distinct from any organization whatever; the members are divided in their sympathies with the Union and American, as is the case in every other State Association; but finding that we could not agree on this point, we agreed to disagree, and work unitedly for the suffrage in Missouri, independent of both the national organizations. The Union sympathizers number quite as many, if not more than the American, are quite as earnest laborers, and contribute quite as much for the furtherance of the cause as do the others.

Recently a new organization has been effected, called the St. Louis County Association, the prominent workers of which are the American sympathizers. Whether this association is an auxiliary to the American, and claims for itself the whole honor of the work here, I am not informed. I scarcely see how it can be, as it became auxiliary to the State Association on its formation, and its work thus far has been unimportant. It may be, however, a nucleus for a new organization, having for its end and aim the overthrow of the present State organization, and the ultimate supremacy of the American. But by what right or authority the American Woman Suffrage Association claims for itself the honor of the whole work here, the Union adherents would like to be informed.

"Redeemed from the unhappy complications into which it had been plunged by injudicious leaders, impartial suffrage is marching on to victory, under the admirable organization of the American Woman Suffrage Association." If the *Woman's Journal* has reference to Missouri in this editorial note, I must beg leave to correct its erroneous statements concerning us.

We have had no unhappy complications, or injudicious leaders. The prominent movers here have the respect and confidence of the entire community; and if we are marching on to victory (a consummation devoutly wished for, but far from realization), it is not the admirable work of the "American" alone. I have been watching the signs of the times in our State, and I find a distressingly apathetic feeling concerning the movement. The causes are various: the division is one, many refusing to identify themselves until the breach is healed; another is the split in the Republican party. We are rent with party factions, and all other subjects are swallowed up in these. From other States I am constantly receiving invitations to lecture, but none from my own; the engagements made last spring for this fall have been cancelled, owing to a general protest from all parts of the State: "Don't come now; we are too much divided on this party question."

There was a slight ripple outside of the suf-

frage adherents, caused by the "social evil bill;" a few women expressed indignation against this infamous measure, but no general feeling has been aroused among women. We have in St. Louis, I am proud to say, however, a liberal class of men, who are always ready to lend a helping hand whenever there is a demand. The action of the St. Louis bar in reference to Miss Barkaloo's death, and *life* also, I may say, is indicative of the spirit which animates them; and I believe whenever we as a majority ask for the suffrage, we shall get it if St. Louis influence can be thrown in the balance. This apathy is not only apparent in Missouri, but elsewhere—north, south, east, west—there seems to be a general want of enthusiasm. The recent conventions have all lacked this necessary accompaniment of success; and I will venture the prediction that not until those grand women—Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony—once more assume the leadership, and the wings are fused into one grand army fighting for a common cause, will there be permanent success or marchings on to victory. They alone possess that subtle electricity and peculiar magnetism calculated to arouse the masses, and awaken women to a realization of their duties and responsibilities. This with their unselfish devotion and impersonal labors, for so long a period, marks them pre-eminently as the grand head and front of the movement.

No one regrets more deeply than I do the division in our ranks at this present critical hour, and no one desires more earnestly than I that the breach should be healed. But I must protest against this continual unwillingness of individuals and organizations to accord liberty of thought and action to those who think differently; and this cool appropriation of all labors and honors by the American, while others are laboring quite as efficiently and working quite as zealously for the cause, though not enlisted under their banner.

Yours fraternally,

PHŒBE W. COUZINS.

A LITTLE BIT OF ANGER.

ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL,
NEW YORK, Nov. 7, 1870.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

In coming from Boston to New York by the Fall River boat on Saturday last, my attention was called by a friend to an editorial statement in *The Woman's Journal* that "there are offences which justly nullify marriage." Now, such a loose notion as this makes my orthodox nerves shudder. I have been brought up to believe in the good old-fashioned New England notion—an idea borrowed from the Bible—that divorce is never allowable except for a single offence. But here is a journal, edited by a woman, which deliberately contradicts the Scripture, speaks of more causes of divorce than one, and thus sets at unholy defiance the precepts of Jesus Christ. I am not unfriendly to the woman's rights movement; I believe that no just objection exists to woman's suffrage; but I protest against reading, in a woman's journal, a heterodox speech by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, denying the divinity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and an editorial pronunciamento in favor of several causes for divorce, which amounts practically to a confession of faith in the doctrine of free love. Yours indignantly,

BUNKER HILL.

A CORRECTION CORRECTED.

Ed. Revolution: I find the following paragraph, and the accompanying comments, in last week's Boston *Woman's Journal:*

A writer in the *Woman's Advocate*, the organ of woman suffrage in the West, lays down a platform for the party, with this, among other declarations: "Let the marriage contract be limited to from one to three years, at the option of the contracting parties."

We find the above going the rounds of the press. There is no *Woman's Advocate* published in the West, or the East, as the organ of woman suffrage. Nor has any recognized organ of woman suffrage ever made any such announcement as the infamous one we have quoted. Where it originated we do not know, but have a shrewd suspicion that it was born of the fertile brain of some mendacious masculine editor, who hoped by his falsehood to stab a cause which he hates. If the Father of Lies should come from below, and take on flesh, and live among men bodily, there are not a few newspapers, flourishing and well patronized, that would seek to make him editor-in-chief immediately. His services would be in such demand that he would be able to make his own terms with the publishers.

As a constant reader, during its publication, of the *Woman's Advocate*, at Dayton, Ohio, whose editors were Mrs. M. M. Cole, at present a correspondent of the *Woman's Journal*, and A. J. Boyer, now its general Western agent, I want to remind the editor of the *Journal* that *every word* in the paragraph she denounces as an infamous falsehood *did* appear, just as quoted, in the columns of the *Advocate* a few months ago, then the recognized organ of the woman suffrage movement in the West, and a *bold*, *defiant* and *very efficient* one at that—one whose consolidation with the Boston organ was universally regretted by the friends of our cause in the West. The quotation referred to occurred in an article contributed by a woman of superior intelligence and respectability, in which she set forth her ideas of marriage and divorce, and as a substitute for the present *slave* code called marriage, suggested a system (which she had a perfect right to do) in which the offensive declaration occurred; so that all "mendacious masculine editors" are wholly exonerated from its authorship, Mrs. Livermore's "shrewd suspicions," to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Justice to our cause, to the masculine sex, and to the former friends and publishers of the *Woman's Advocate*, seems to demand the correction of the *Woman's Journal* correction.

AN OHIO WOMAN.

Editor of The Revolution: I never had the pleasure of reading a number of your paper; but I accidentally saw a Prospectus of it, which was sent to a lady friend of mine, and reading it over, I concluded to send you a short letter from Missouri, that you might see what a revolution we are making in the great State of the West. While improvement is marked throughout the State, and the minds of both men and women are beginning to see that their grandfathers and grandmothers never dreamed of the intellect the daughters of the present generation possess, there remain plenty of old fogies of both sexes who believe that women should be content to meekly say—

> "My author and disposer, what thou biddest,
> Unargued, I obey."

I know a lady who acts upon this principle with her husband; and were it not for her sad looks, and the many weary hours spent in toil, it would be amusing to listen to some of their conversations. They have three children, all of which are grown, and John is, indeed, the "Lord of the house." I will relate a short conversation I heard pass between the husband and wife not long since, though I do not believe in telling family secrets; but you will excuse me this time:

"Husband, I should like Mary and Jennie to return to school and complete their studies."

Husband responds in a loud voice—

"Wife, are you going crazy? Don't you suppose I know my own business? *I* intend *my* girls shall learn to work. I don't believe females were ever intended to make scholars of."

"No; maybe you are right; but I believe Jennie and Mary know more now than John does, and I was thinking—"

"Stop! None of your thinking, if you please. That's what has turned everything wrong nowadays. Women do too much thinking. Now, as long as *I* have a house, I want you to remember I will rule *my* own children."

"Well—yes—I suppose you are right; but something must be done with John. I tell you, husband, I believe he is keeping very bad company, and if he is not kept away from it, it will soon cause his ruin; and I was thinking—"

"Now, stop your thinking again; I tell you I won't have it. John is no worse than the rest of the boys in town."

"Yes, yes, you are right; but I heard that the Miss Grays said they would not keep John's company, he had become so degraded, and I was thinking—"

"Now, mind, didn't I tell you not to think? You provoking woman! you are the most disobedient wife I ever saw. No woman has any business to know what company John or any other man keeps. If she will learn to stay at home, and 'tend to her house affairs, it will be enough for her."

"Yes, yes; I know you are right; but every one is beginning to know John so well, and I was thin—"

"Don't finish that word, or I will send you up stairs. What right has a woman to think? Is my new suit ready for me to wear to the fair?"

"Yes, yes—all ready. How I should like to go with you; and I was—"

"Go up stairs, I tell you;" and Mrs. Wife walked "up stairs" without a murmur. But I will just add, that I saw Mr. Husband at the fair with a beautiful lady hanging on his arm, and from her appearance I believe she never annoyed him with thinking.

We had the pleasure of having one of New York's great orators, Horace Greeley, to attend our St. Louis fair. On Monday he delivered a lecture at the fair-grounds, where thousands of people gathered to hear him. He spoke in great praise of the West, and how it was excelling in improvements of all kinds. The State Fair at St. Louis excels any fair in the United States in *everything* that goes to make up a fair. The fair-ground contains eighty acres; and it is laid out in beautiful walks, the sides of which are covered with flowers of all kinds. Forest-trees of every variety are scattered through the grounds, and under each may be seen groups seated to rest their weary limbs from the toil of viewing the many scenes.

Miss Phebe Cousins lectured in the city on Thursday evening of the fair-week to a large

and intelligent audience. She is young and beautiful, and is both a scholar and a lady. She speaks in a pleasant, winning way; and if she does not bring all who hear her to believe in THE REVOLUTION, not many go away without serious reflections. She is a native of St. Louis County, and is preparing herself for the study of law; but I am making my letter too long. I will close, wishing you great success. JOSIE H.

WHAT GENERAL SPINNER SAYS.

The Right of Suffrage is the foundation and guarantee of all other rights. To be deprived of it without reason may well be deemed intolerable oppression.—*Editorial in the Tribune, Wednesday, Oct. 19th, 1870.*

How about the rights of women who Mr. Greeley insists do not need or want the "right of suffrage?"

Many persons assert that the right of suffrage would not aid women in getting better wages for their work. Hear Gen. Spinner upon that matter. He never hesitates to say that the experiment of employing females in the department (Treasury) is an entire success; even in the manipulation and counting of fractional currency, they excel the male clerks. He strongly urges a classification of the female clerks, giving them higher salaries.

He does not believe in equalizing their salaries with those of male clerks, for they would then be thrust out of their places by men who have votes, and thus bring influence to bear to secure the positions.

WASHINGTON LETTER WRITER.

The following paragraph, from the New York *Tribune*, is so sensible, in spite of its back-handed compliment to the "childish female reformers," that we copy it for the benfit of our readers. We accept the prefatory slap for the sake of what follows:

"We do not blame the female reformers for getting out of patience now and then, and especially when they are met by notions as childish as some of their own. The Rev. Mr. Livesey, at the recent Methodist Massachusetts Convention in Charlestown, opposed 'female preaching,' on the ground that 'Christ always used the masculine gender when he spoke of the Elders, and the Apostles never mentioned women as ministers.' It seems to us about time to give up opposition to new theories, or the support of them, upon the strength of what the Apostles *didn't* say. There are fifty heresies which may be maintained; there are as many orthodoxies which may be denied upon like flimsey authority. Christianity would have but little value if its great general truths could not be applied to new social problems undreamed of in the days of Peter or of Paul."

We have long ago ceased to limit feminine accomplishment in capactty. Here, for instance, is a maiden, by name Ellen St. Clair, who has done wonders in the way of traveling—though she wisely took her papa with her. She has been exploring the territories north of the Pacific railway; she reached the sources of the Missouri and Yellow Stone rivers, proceeding sometimes in a carriage, now in the saddle, then on foot. She has traveled 3,000 miles, more or less. Among other exploits, she crossed, in returning from Montana, a belt of Indian territory, through Idaho, without seeing a White Man, except the parental St. Clair, and surrounded by howling Red Men. Now, all her wanderings o'er, she is safe at San Francisco. We confess to a considerable admiration for the pluck and perseverance displayed by this lady, which are certainly remarkable.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

FLIRTATION, ITS USES AND ABUSES.

A writer in the *Victoria Magazine* thinks that parents ought to enforce upon their children "such a solidity of mind and staidness of demeanor as shall remove far off all ideas of foolish flirtation, the offspring of idle and ill-regulated imaginations."

We fear the effort to produce such a state of things among our young people, as above described, will prove a failure, and in fact, we doubt whether it would be desirable. Don't let us give up any of the innocent fun of life. Here in America, at any rate, we have too little of it. Existence is governed by such strictly utilitarian principle—there is so much drudging, toiling, and moiling—that we cannot spare any of the jollity that comes naturally with the season of youth, or attempt to preach down any of the innocent romance.

So long as flirting means nothing but fun, and both parties know it, as in a majority of cases is the fact, there is no harm done. You might as well try to prevent the robins from dressing their feathers, and showing off their prettiest little airs and graces before mating time, as to hinder young men and women from indulging in what is commonly called flirtation. We doubt whether courting was ever carried on between the wisest and gravest of people without some foolishness; and it does seem a pity that all the innocent sparring and jesting that always has been, and always will be, practiced, should receive so grave and severe a name.

The *Home Journal*, in a very sensible and pithy article on this subject, says that

"Flirting is to marriage what free trade is to commerce. By it the value of a woman is exhibited, tested, her capacities known, her temper displayed, and opportunity offered for judging what sort of a wife she may probably become. Those who assume the prudish air, and elude the young lady that does nothing else than mope or turn aside, or simper 'yes' when spoken to, are the persons who know their goods cannot compete in the general market, and, therefore, strive by artificial means to keep the bidders from an open choice. It is good for both sexes; the men know what they will marry, the women have looked around them before they decided. There is nothing more prejudicial to the happiness of married life than the ignorance which most girls have of the other sex."

The above is undeniably true. Here in America, where all the advantages of free intercourse between young men and women have been thoroughly tested, the girl who has the frankest, most genial manners, might lay herself open to the grave imputation of being a flirt without entertaining the smallest design of leading young men astray. It is the absolute duty of a girl to know as much as possible of the man she intends to marry, and also of men in general. The same applies to a young man. Multitudes of unhappy marriages are based on ignorance, and would be prevented by a more thorough acquaintance.

Perhaps there do exist in the world beings of the Lady Clara Vere de Vere type, who wickedly lure on susceptible youths to a certain point, and then kill them with a cruel stare; but we have never met with them out of the pages of a novel. We have occasionally seen women who used the whole of their small modicum of brains in trying to attract the other sex; but the dark designing creatures, such as Wilkie Collins depicts, who spend their lives in setting man-traps, are not common in respectable society.

Perhaps, in past days, when the bloom of verdancy and innocence still lingered, men did occasionally fall into the snares of a practiced flirt; but since that time every available female art has been ticketed—men know the whole category. They go into society fully armed, and generally come out cased in a panoply of steel, bright and alluring, but harder than adamant.

If it was true in Shakspeare's time

"That men have died, and worms have eaten thee,
But not for love,"

certainly is it true in these days. Let us not waste any sympathy on men victimized by flirts, for their danger is infinitesimal.

Far more harm accrues to young women who, for want of healthy occupation, brood over imaginary attachments, and allow their lives to be sicklied over with mawkish sentimentalism, because the position love ought to hold is allowed to usurp the the place of many other instincts and sympathies, and to grow out of all manner of proportion to the rest of the nature. Give a girl proper employment for her energies, and her imaginary loves and fancies will sink out of sight, leaving room for the real and honest affections to come in.

It is perfectly proper that a girl should protect herself from absorption in this mush of the sentiments, even if she is obliged to bear the imputation of flirting.

HOW NEW YORK DRESSMAKERS ARE PAID.

"Our dry-goods millionaires extort a great deal of credit for getting immensely rich; and there can be nothing marvelous about this result, when we learn that a first-class dressmaker is paid by the liberal A. T. Stewart at the rate of eighty cents per diem for work for which he charges upon the scale of ten dollars at the very lowest. Still this gentleman is liberally providing homes for the poor."

The above, which comes from La Viola, the New York correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, may be true; but if so, we would inquire why first-class dressmakers, who can get from two to three dollars a day and board by working out in families, prefer to accept such terms from Mr. Stewart?

The demand in this city for skilled mantuamakers is very great; in fact, no class of women who live by the labor of the hands are better paid. The case of Mrs. Flynt, in Boston, proves this conclusively. We, therefore, suspect that the above statement must be swallowed with several grains of doubt.

WOMAN AND TEMPERANCE.

The New York *Globe* has some pertinent remarks in regard to the advantages which will accrue to the temperance reform when woman's voice is heard in politics. It says:

"We cannot expect efficient legislation on this vital question from men who are addicted to the use of alcoholic drinks. We doubt if we shall ever reach a true solution of the question until the woman element is introduced into politics, and the stream which is now so muddy is made pure. A woman who was present at the late Republican Convention in Worcester, Mass., says the contempt, ridicule and scorn thrown on the cause of temperance was heart-sickening in the extreme. The spirit of that convention was not shown so much in the meaningless resolution which it adopted out of deference to public opinion, but in the speeches and their reception by the delegates. If this is the condition of affairs in the State which is the mother of reform, what have we to hope for in other directions?

The Marquis of Lorne is to get a marriage portion of $150,000, and $30,000 a year with his royal bride, the Princess Louisa.

About Women.

Rosa Bonheur purposes a visit to our Western prairies.

What kind of sweatmeats did they have in the ark? Preserved pairs.

A delicate parcel to be forwarded by rail—A young lady wrapped up in herself.

It is repeated that Jenny Lind is coming to America to sing again.

The oldest husbandry we know of is when a man in clover marries a woman in weeds.

Dr. Mary Walker has commenced a series of articles on "dress" for *Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly*.

Miss Hosmer, the sculptress, was in Rome during the bombardment by the Italian troops.

Mrs. Muloch-Craik, author of "John Halifax," has in press "Fair France; Impressions of a Traveler."

A lady advertises in the Glasgow *Herald* that she wants a gentleman for breakfast and tea. The cannibal!

In English hotels the women-servants carry up the baggage, while the men carry up cards and run on errands.

Marie Seebach, the gifted German tragedienne, is thirty-three years old. Her parents were opera-singers.

Miss Mattie Adams took the prize of the golden apple, as the handsomest woman at the Georgia State Fair.

The daughters of President Grant and Governor Hoffman are expected to make their *debut* into society this winter.

The first female law student in Michigan University comes, of course, from Indiana, and her name is Sarah Kilgore.

The Japanese women have very handsome hair, and dress it with more taste and elegance than any other women in the world.

Miss Eva, daughter of Judge J. T. Mills, has been appointed preceptress of Latin in Lawrence University, at Appleton, Wis.

Mrs. General Houston is dead. The surviving members of the family of the father of Texas reside in Georgetown, in that State.

Miss Lena Kendall, of Kosciusko county, Ind., recently won a wager of fifty dollars by walking eighteen miles in less than five hours.

Susan Cooper, daughter of the novelist, lives at her father's old home, in Cooperstown, N. Y., and is generally devoted to works of charity.

Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, whose winters are passed in Washington, is believed to be engaged on a politico-social novel of life in that city.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton says that men have hitherto translated the Bible, but if women were allowed to try their hand, we should have another and an improved version.

Miss Kate Field, according to the Boston *Gazette*, says that she received $500 from the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly* for her article on Mr. Fechter's Hamlet.

Parepa is living privately and retired in England on the $122,000 which was her share of the net profits of her English opera last season. She will return hither in March.

Miss McCulloch, the singer, denounces the story of her marriage to Brignoli and the birth of twins, as a "malicious fabrication."

Mrs. Walker, wife of a Hartford clergyman, has been awarded a prize of $600 for the best Sunday-school book in manuscript, by Henry Hoyt, of Boston. The story is entitled "Both Sides of the Street."

Lydia Maria Child, in her historical novel, "The Rebels," makes James Otis, in a suppositious speech, say, "England may as well dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes as to fetter the steps of freedom."

Women are now represented in every department of the University of Michigan. The Academic Department has nine, the Medical fifteen, the Law one. One of the medical students registers her age as fifty-two.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe is very industrious with her pen. She is publishing a series of stories in the *Atlantic*, a continued romance in the *Old and New;* she contributes regularly to the *Christian Union* and *Our Young Folks*, besides doing a vast amount of other writing.

A nervous war-widow of White County, Ind., recently placed the earnings from her pension—three hundred dollars—in a stove for safe keeping, and the notes having been consumed, she now expects that the Adjutant-General will make good the amount to her.

Mary Field, aged 13, is a Lanesboro, Mass., girl, who, without any instruction or suggestion, makes off-hand sketches of cows, oxen, horses, and so on, with a wonderful skill that creates astonishment in all who have an opportunity to see the pictorial beasts of the field.

At a fair in San Francisco for the benefit of French sufferers, a young lady worked the sentence "Vive la France" in the corner of a handkerchief with her own hair, and presented the handkerchief to the fair. A Frenchwoman bought it for $700, and the next night sold it for $1000.

The Ohio *State Journal* gives an interesting report of the presentation to the Mayor of Columbus of a mammoth petition from the citizens of that place for the closing of the dram-shops on Sunday. A speech was made on the occasion by Mrs. J. J. Janney, which is highly praised by the *Journal*.

Mrs. Caroline Drexel, of Philadelphia, died recently, and left half a million dollars to her daughters and nothing to her sons, saying the latter had opportunities for acquiring competencies which the former had not, and her only desire was to put them on an equal footing.

Miss Laura W. Stebbins, who, for many years, kept a school for young ladies in Springfield, Massachusetts, has purchased a tract of land in Virginia, near the mouth of the Potomac, and is about to erect a building that shall answer the double purpose of a church and schoolhouse. The government has appropriated seven hundred dollars to the enterprise.

A woman's rights woman named Jones recently traced her absconding husband to a quiet retreat near La Crosse, Wis., where she found him living in fancied security with a second wife. But instead of causing his arrest for bigamy, as hundreds of other women would have done under similar circumstances, she took a practical view of the question, and allowed him his freedom in consideration of a sum of $1,500.

Charlotte Cushman will be in Boston next month.

A mother out West recently addressed her daughter thus: "My daughter, you are now fifteen years of age, engaged to be married, and without a freckle on your face. I have done my duty."

Madame de Monneys has died of grief, on learning of the barbarous murder of her son, who was recently roasted to death at Hautefaye (Dordogne) by a body of infuriated peasants for supposed Prussian sympathies. The family have offered for sale their property and chateau at Bretagnes. About fifty arrests have alreudy been made of persons supposed to have been implicated in the outrage.

An old negro woman, in accounting for lack of discipline among youngsters, insists that it is because their mothers wear gaiters. "You see, when we wore low shoes, and the chilun wanted whippin', we just took off a shoe mighty quick, and guv 'em a good spankin', but now, how's a body to get a gaiter off in time? So the chilun gets no whippins' at all nowadays."

All the girls in Exeter, between the ages of ten and twenty, are allowed to receive their schooling free at the Robinson Female Seminary. A corps of eight teachers is connected with the school. This seminary, and the fund from which it is supported, was the gift of a former citizen of the place named Robinson, who, at his death, left the sum of $250,000 for the founding of such an institution. It is managed by a board of trustees chosen by the town.

Miss Susan King, the agent for the Women's Tea Company of this city, has arrived in her business capacity at Yokohama, Japan, and has, of course, been "interviewed." She proposes to enter upon her tea exporting duties immediately, and in answer to a question from the reporter who "interviewed" her, she stated that she was well supplied with letters of credit to Japanese and Chinese banking-houses and mercantile firms.

There was to have been a wedding in Nashville the other night. The bride was a servant in the house. She was gorgeously arrayed, and had several of her friends to witness the ceremony. After the preacher had arrived and nearly an hour had been lost in awaiting the dilatory bridegroom, the latter slouched in, wearing his "every-day clothes," and electrified the assemblage with the announcement "It's no use! Dis here 'rangement can't come off. My oder wife won't let me have my good close." The bride fainted, and the service was indefinitely postponed.

The Princess Louisa, who is about to depart from the time-honored custom of the British realm by marrying one of her mother's subjects, is twenty-two years of age, and her destined husband, the Marquise of Lorne, is twenty-five. The young man is a member of parliament, representing the county of Argyll, and is heir to one of the oldest peerages in the United Kingdom as well as to a name of heroic renown. His father, the Duke of Argyll, a man of high personal character and scholarship, is the most distinguished of the handful of liberals in the house of lords, and, during the war of secession, was noted for his steady friendship for the North. The duchess is a daughter of the Duke of Southerland, and mistress of the robes of Queen Victoria.

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, Editor.

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ARGUMENTUM AD HOMINEM.

The description which Sir Walter Scott has given of Queen Elizabeth's joyful and magnificent progress to Kenilworth Castle has flashed upon our mind as having something like its parallel in the spectacle of woman's present and victorious progress in the world of dramatic and lyric art.

In Shakespeare's day, woman had no place in the theatre except a seat among the spectators. The great poet's lovely heroines were personated on the stage by young men in woman's attire. The creator of Ophelia, of Constance, of Lady Macbeth, never saw these characters personated by women, but always by men. What a change has passed over the theatre since that masculine day! At present, for instance, in this country, the bright, particular stars of the dramatic stage are women, not men. Mr. Forrest still flourishes, but he was always half brutal in emotion, and he is now half paralyzed in action. Mr. Booth exhibits himself in a few parts to superior advantage, but in none to supreme:—inheriting a large measure, but not the whole, of his more inspired father's wonderful genius. Mr. Fechter gives us a matter-of-fact, flesh-and-blood, melodramatic Hamlet, which is interesting and fascinating, but not spiritual, subtile, or Shakesperean. Mr. Jefferson outdoes all his competitors in one piece of perfection which will live and die with him, and which can hardly hope to be revived, like Rip Van Winkle, at the end of twenty years. These few men, the chiefs of the stage, are now, night after night, exhibiting the results of their life-long dramatic studies to applauding multitudes.

But these renowned actors, notwithstanding their fame, are not, after all, making so strong an impression on the critical mind—nay, or even on the popular heart (save, perhaps, in Mr. Jefferson's case)—as has been indelibly stamped upon it, in a very brief time, by three women who have lately appeared and are still among us—welcome strangers from foreign lands. We mean Christine Nillson, Fanny Janauchek, and Marie Seebach—to whom indeed, we may add, as a fourth, our fellow-countrywoman, Mrs. Landor.

Against all men who sing, we triumphantly place Christine Nillson; and against all men who act, we just as triumphantly place Marie Seebach. Let the reader stop and think and ask, Has there been any male vocalist in America, within the memory of this generation, worthy to be compared with Nillson? Not one. On the other hand, after admitting in praise of Mr. Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle" the most that is claimed for it by that actor's admirers (and we are among them), we nevertheless declare that Marie Seebach's "Matilde" transcends it in fidelity to nature, outrivals it in nicety of art, and leaves upon the spectator a greater impression of genius in the player and of perfection in the rôle.

And yet Christine Nillson is not Jenny Lind, neither is Marie Seebach another Rachel. In other words, they do not represent the highest lyric or dramatic genius possible to their sex. Woman is still greater than these women show her to be.

Looking, therefore, at the theatre to-day, and weighing its representative men with its representative women, the comparison proves that the average genius of woman is equal to the average genius of man.

We will go a step further and add that the few extraordinary personages who from time to time, at rare intervals, have come upon the dramatic or lyric stage during the last fifty years—such as David Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, Malibran, Jenny Lind, Rachel, and a few others—the majority have been, not men, but women.

Now we take a pardonable pride in parading to our masculine friends these mildly exasperating facts, because such testimony forms part of the general argument of our cause; showing that wherever woman has an equal opportunity with man, she achieves an equal victory. Nay, more; for this is understating the case: in some of the fine arts, woman must by and by demonstrate her average superiority to man. Thus already in competing with him as a singer, she excels him—in performing with him as a player, she outshines him. Of course, she will never chop wood as well as he, or dig trenches with his vigorous hand, or buffet a rough world with his sinewy defiance; but for every point where she falls below, there is another where she rises above, the masculinity of her supposed superior. Our own faith—long ago settled, and still unshaken—is, that the Father of the human race, with a wise and kind impartiality, endowed the two sexes with coequal capacity, dignity, and nobility. This truth, long denied, but now slowly admitted, must sooner or later become the chief corner-stone of all that constitutes modern civilization. The theatre has already accepted it; the church also is slowly recognizing it; society is gradually conforming itself to it; and the body politic will at last be based upon it.

THE CHRISTIAN IDEA OF MARRIAGE.

Whatever may be the estimation in which Jesus of Nazareth is held—whether as by the larger portion of the Christian world he is regarded as "God himself, made manifest in the flesh;" or whether, as by another large class, he is thought to be a supernatural and inspired being, more than man, and yet less than Deity, or whether he is accepted merely as a philosopher and teacher—all must agree in this one point, at least, that the Jesus of history was the most radical reformer, not only of his own, but of all time.

The most advanced thought of the most advanced minds has never reached the heights of his teachings; in fact, it has hardly yet been able to comprehend the wide sweep of his moral philosophy.

In the study of the biographers of Jesus, one is struck with the small part which his own words occupy in the history of his career, and yet in those few brief statements there recorded, he touched upon every point of the whole circle of the moral and social life of mankind. He sounded human nature to its very depths. He showed upon what false and ruinous foundations the fabric of human society had built itself, and he tore away the dangerous props with ruthless hands. In their stead he taught the fundamental and ultimate truths upon which alone social and moral well-being can be secure.

It has been said by Miss Frances Power Cobbe, that while the laws which govern any department of the scientific world are only partially understood, or while any erroneous theory is still held by students concerning them, they are constantly paralyzed by the recurrence of phenomena for which there is no satisfactory explanation; but when an ultimate truth, like the law of gravitation or the motion of the earth is discovered, all these inexplicable facts in science are seen to be the result of the development of the universal law, and all that has seemed contradictory becomes harmonious, and groups itself about this central truth in natural order. Nor can there be any satisfaction or repose for the mind of an earnest student until these ultimate truths are discovered.

This law, which is universal in the world of science, is no less universal in its application to the world of morals; and since the truths of morality are grander and of more importance to the human race than are the truths of science, no time can be too great, no labor too severe, no research too profound, which can be given to their elucidation. And the man who discovers a new truth, reveals it to his fellows, and assists them to bring the facts of human existence into harmony with this newly-discovered law, is the greatest of benefactors to his race.

Such a service Jesus of Nazareth did to mankind in his declaration of the fundamental truths which must underlie the marriage relation. The law to which he declared true marriage must conform was simple and clear; the union must spring from a love so entire, so absorbing, that not even in thought, even for one instant, could the heart swerve from its allegiance.

The law which Moses had given to the people he declared had had been a compromise with the weakness of human nature, a compromise to which he refused his sanction.

He defined marriage as consisting in a mutual love so strong as to make of twain one flesh, and the union which he declared to be the work of God he forbade man to put asunder.

No philosopher ever taught so forcibly as did Jesus the spiritual nature of the tie of wedlock. He denounced even the brief indulgence of a vagrant fancy as destroying the bond which made the union sacred.

An Eastern story tells of a woman whose beauty had won the heart of a man who followed her declaring his love and begging for a word or sign of encouragement: "Do not pursue me," said she; only a little way behind me is my sister, who is far more beautiful than I; go and meet her. He turned and walked back; but finding no one, he sought and overtook the lady of his love again. "Why did you deceive me?" said he; "I met no one."

"It was to test you," she replied. "Had you really loved me, you would not have turned from following me, even had one of the Houris enticed you."

In this crucible, and by the same subtle test which the Arab story applies to love, does the Great Teacher try marriage, and as it comes from the ordeal unscathed or tarnished, does he pronounce it false or genuine, sacred or worthless.

It is strange, indeed, that good men and women, who have studied the teachings of Jesus, and are ready to accept them, have failed to see the broad sweep of his views on the marriage question. As he interpreted Moses' law of murder, and declared that he, who in his heart longed for his brother's death, was in God's sight already a murderer, so he taught that he who was guilty of infidelity of the heart had failed in his allegiance to the marriage vow.

How absurd and narrow, then, are the conclusions that some of the religious teachers of our day are pressing upon the people as drawn from Christ's precepts.

In one of our largest evangelical denominations, several of its most learned professors have asserted that there is but one ground of divorce given by the Master, and that faithlessness to the nuptial bond. Therefore, they refuse their sanction to divorces granted for desertion, cruelty, etc.

Do not these men see that the greater includes the less?

If they will accept the teachings of the Master in their spirit, who could ask more? Will he who loves his wife wholly desert her or abuse her?

If the Master's test be applied to marriage, and those be annulled which fail to bear it, no one could ask larger freedom.

But this great truth, from its very grandeur, has not been received by men. Like all the noblest works of nature, and all the profoundest truths of religion and philosophy, it is only by slow degrees that men's minds can be brought to comprehend and appreciate them at their true value.

But truth is mighty and will prevail. "The eternal years of God are hers." Let us wait, and hope that in due time the race of mankind will be able to understand and accept this great truth which "shall set them free."

WHAT IS CHIVALRY?

"The age of chivalry is gone," says *Harper's Bazar*, and that sage journalist of the Paris fashions seems to imply that this degeneracy is due to the fact that women are now claiming their rights, and ceasing to rely on man's protection. No, the age of chivalry is not gone. It still remains. It will never go. For, just so long as there is grace in woman or courtesy in man, chivalry will exist in the world. And no idea is more absurd than that man's respect is inspired by woman's weakness. Men are not chivalrous because women are weak and helpless, but because they are gracious and lovely. The lord doffs his hat to the lady from that instinct which stoops to conquer. The boasted chivalry of which poets sing and *Bazars* prate was not a respect for woman's self, but for woman's rank. Sir Walter Raleigh threw down his garment before Elizabeth; but did he do it because she was a woman, or because she was a queen? Had the self-same Elizabeth been the queen's waiting-maid, would the self-same Sir Walter have soiled his purple velvet in the mire for her sake? We suspect not.

The sentiment called chivalry was originally exhibited almost exclusively to ladies who, by their rank, power, and position, had a right to exact it. It was chivalry toward the queen, toward the duchess, toward the marchioness, toward the countess, toward the baroness, toward the lady—not toward the dairymaid, toward the house-servant, or toward a peasant woman. In Tennyson's Idylls of the chivalrous times, he makes the heroines of his story perform menial services for the heroes—as when Enid is burdened with carrying the armor and stabling the horses of Geraint, and doing other chores such as no gentleman would now think of imposing on a lady. The truth is, the age of chivalry is not gone; it is just beginning to come. The chief chivalry which, thus far, has ever existed in the world has been toward those women who, having either beauty or power or some other charm, could demand or inspire men's devotion and service.

This chivalry, so far from being impaired by woman's possessing her just rights, has almost entirely depended on her possession of them. By and by, when all women have their rights, all men will be more chivalrous. Chivalry is the homage which a man pays to a woman whom he recognizes as (in some sense) his equal. Otherwise his feeling is less than chivalry; it degenerates into patronage. Now the age of patronage is past; the age of chivalry is to come. And *Harper's Bazar*, by representing woman as a creature of fashion and display, rather than as a being of rights and powers, is not helping to hasten, but to hinder its approach.

BUSINESS WOMEN.

When a woman takes a hitherto exceptional position in business or professional life, somebody is always afraid that she is going to unsex herself and turn into a man. It is a damaging admission for the male opposer to allow that distinctive womanliness is going to be ruined by a closer contact with men in the practical affairs of life. It shows that men, by some means or other, need reconstructing; that some broad principal of demoralization is going on in the manners, customs and practices of the masculine half of the world. Is this true, or do men consciously or unconsciously vilify themselves? Is the whiteness of the womanly nature any more likely to be sullied by meeting men in the store and the office than in the parlor and drawing-room? We believe not; in fact, we do not believe that the goodness and purity of men and women are the entirely opposite qualities which is generally supposed. If genius knows no sex, why should probity, amenity, kindness, know sex? We believe there are many more points of likeness than points of difference marking the excellencies of the two sexes. Moderation, forbearance, self-control, gentle and conciliatory manners, regard for the feelings and rights of others, are admirable in men as well as in women, and, as far as we can perceive, to the same degree.

It is high time that the notion that women are going to be spoiled by a closer acquaintance with business practices ought to be dispelled, or else the grave moral defects which would alone render such an association dangerous ought to be looked to. Society ought to set about reforming business if it is unsafe for women to touch or handle.

If a woman becomes a book-keeper, for instance, is it absolutely necessary that she should swagger, talk loud, or put on bold or brazen looks? What are the actual facts in the case? As far as our experience goes, business women are quiet and unobtrusive—perhaps all the more so because they know they are objects of curiosity. Men are looking at them to see if by some mysterious change of nature they are not growing beards. It is quite probable that instead of developing the disagreeable, semi-masculine traits which people shudder at, business will have a tendency to subdue and tone down many women who else would be much more positive in their manners.

Business will teach women to exercise a stricter self-control; to get over the fussiness and nervousness which want of methodical trainings engenders; to make clear, distinct statements in the fewest words; to leave out of sight personality, and to respect the time of others. Will not these gains compensate for all they are likely to lose?

SIGHING TO BE MEN.

"Every time I have to pack my trunks," sighs Howard Glyndon, in the New York *Mail*, "I devoutly wish I were a man!" Very ingenious, and very natural. We don't see how any well-ordered and vigorous woman can put her clothes either in her trunk or on it, without wishing she was a man. Think of a being with more or less intelligence, compelled to erect upon the organ of philoprogenitiveness—so to speak—a stack of dirty jute, or the cleft locks of some corpse whose soul is now walking with hair *au natural* the pavements of the new Jerusalem! Think of a mortal not entirely daft, obliged to attach the disgusting panier hump to her back! In fact, how can a delicate woman get into or out of a carriage, or wade throngh the streets upon a muddy day, or fight huckleberry bushes on a picnic, without wishing she were a man? The fact is, brethren—and we ought to square our conduct to the fact—they of our mother's sex have had the heaviest end of life to carry ever since Adam tried to cheat the Lord about that apple business?"

We dislike to hear women sighing to be men. It is an evidence that they have not begun to appreciate what it is to be women. If they made as much of womanhood as lies in their power, such foolish, vain wishes would be stilled. Instead of cataloguing the evils of the womanly state, they had better set to work to try and remedy them, beginning with themselves. No woman has a right to complain of the inconveniences of foolish or pernicious fashions while she blindly copies them, and is afraid to assert her independence, We hope the day will come when our sisters will as devoutly thank God for making them women as they now deplore their feminine condition.

The flexible hair-curlers and crimpers mentioned under our special notices are having an *immense sale*, which shows the good sense and economical use of time by thousands of ladies all over the land. Mr. Wood, the inventor, deserves universal thanks for providing such a convenient article for the use of the toilet.

The house-furnishing goods for sale by Mr. E. W. Nichols, 212 and 214 Fulton street, Brooklyn, as to price, quality, and durability, are of first-class order. Young ladies about to be married, or just over that happy consummation, can't do better than make a good bill at said store, and send it to their affianced or husbands.

PARRYING THRUSTS.

With the most entire good nature we have read what the Indianapolis *Mirror* has to say concerning an article of ours, which was written on a text set by the *Mirror*, to the effect that ninety-nine hundredths of women are either averse or indifferent to suffrage. We have maintained this equanimity of temper while reading that the majority of women have no less brains or clear perception of their own good "than the little collection of reformers who concentrate their light in THE REVOLUTION, or scatter it in shining spatters in the lectures of Olive Logan and Anna Dickinson?"

The slur upon Miss Anthony's "lanky curls and spectacles" awakened not a ruffle of anger, although we dislike extremely personal attacks.

The *Mirror* says of THE REVOLUTION, that

"While admitting that ninety-nine hundredths of women are averse or indifferent to suffrage, it claims that they are so, not because they decide intelligently against it, but because they are 'frivolous and ignorant,' and 'like what men wish them to like.' It would be ungallant to insinuate that there is a moderate infusion of arrogance in this assertion; but we may fairly enough suggest that when one hundredth part of the women of the nation assume to pronounce the other ninety-nine hundredths 'frivolous and ignorant,' and 'dependent on masculine intellect,' they assume a good deal more than the same proportion of the men would do. Is it not just possible that the calumniated ninety-nine might fairly retort upon the one the possession of a very considerable opinion of her own smartness? Are we to suppose that, after so many years of discussion of women's suffrage question, the tens of thousands of educated, intelligent women, who make the bulk of pure social life, don't know what they are doing when they repel the suffrage as useless or mischievous?"

Now, we frankly own that we are not prepared to admit that the mass of women in our country have decided intelligently against suffrage. The question has never yet been brought to such an issue that they could give any general expression of such an opinion; neither has the needful education been deep, broad and thorough enough to insure such a decision. To decide intelligently, all the arguments on both sides must be thoroughly known and weighed; and the arguments in favor of suffrage are not thus known, because multitudes of women—cultured, intelligent women—have prejudged the case without knowledge; others have been kept back by prejudice from any thorough, cadid investigation of the grounds upon which suffrage is urged, or have been frightened by the term strong-minded. There were thousands of intelligent men, before the late rebellion, who stood in precisely the same relation to the subject of slavery. They were afraid of the name abolitionist, and this cringing fear kept dormant their moral sense of the enormity of the crime the nation was nursing in its bosom.

On the other hand, we do not know to what extent the light has spread. No one has taken the census of the woman suffragists. There are sympathizers who are yet afraid to speak, but whose unuttered sympathy is a power, nevertheless, and will in time come to the surface. It is too sweeping an assertion to say that one hundredth part of the women of the nation assume to pronounce the other ninety-nine hundredths frivolous and ignorant. When we asserted that the majority of men prefer to see women thus, rather than see them cultivating habits of independent thought and action, we believed we were testifying of what we understood. We believe still that the average man can more easily tolerate extravagance, idleness, neglect of household and maternal duties, and other radical defects of character in the woman with whom he is most intimately connected, than to lose the control over her opinions and manner of life which he now enjoys. He will cling to the "subject nature" theory, and insist that he ought to rule and guide, when by giving up those points he might secure for her a far nobler development. We do not withhold our reverence, on the other hand, from the small number of men who are ready to espouse woman's cause.

This is far different from saying, in a sweeping manner, that the majority of women are frivolous and ignorant. We honor and love women; we appreciate the sterling qualities that mark American women in the mass. If we held our sisters in less esteem, we could not labor for what we believe, in the end, will be their great and lasting gain.

Again, we are not so deluded as to imagine that we can force the larger number of women to accept what they do not want, and have not the moral perception to see the benefit of. We know ourselves what we want; and even if the majority repudiate suffrage, that is no reason why it should be kept from us. Once granted, they can use it or not, just as men do.

The *Mirror* goes on to deny that women are dependent on masculine intellect; but we would inquire if women are not dependent, almost wholly, on male intellect in matters of business and politics, two very extensive departments of worldly concerns, and if this fact does not go far to establish our position?

Scott is quoted, who says of Queen Caroline, that "she was content with an influence which is none the less powerful because it is unseen." We would simply inquire why it should not be seen? A great deal of nonsense has been spoken and written about the indirect power of women. Why should it not be exerted openly, directly, frankly owning what it is, and taking the consequences? Woman's influence, up to this time, has only existed in the world by suffrance. It has crept in as if ashamed of itself, as if it had no business to be. We believe the time has come for woman's influence to be fully recognized as a principle which God and Nature have bestowed upon the world for benificent uses. Half the good it might have done has been thwarted by the sneaking manner in which it has heretofore existed.

The *Mirror* makes so many important admissions in regard to womanly intellect and virtue, that we can forgive it any unpleasant remarks it may indulge in about ourselves. Henceforth we shall judge it clear heresy for our Western neighbor to animadvert upon any of the little follies and frailties of the sex. In fact, we consider that we have earned the thanks of our sisters, far and near, for raising up for them so bold a defender in ink.

BETROTHED BY MAIL

A lady residing in Fort Wayne, Ind., some time since answered an advertisement asking for lady correspondence, the advertiser residing in Oregon. Photographs were exchanged. The parties were pleased with each other, and they were betrothed by mail, the lady recently receiving three hundred dollars from her affianced, and will leave in a few days for Oregon, where the marriage is soon to take place.

It is very strange that paragraphs like the above should be passed about among the newspapers without receiving note or comment. It is a matter of wonder that some woman, who has the honor of her sex at heart, has not before now been struck with the indelicacy, not to say immorality, of this kind of matrimonial barter, and been led to utter an indignant protest—a note of warning and admonition to her deluded and thoughtless sisters.

That women do every now and then permit themselves to form contracts for life with men they have never seen, of whose dispositions, habits, morals and manners they know nothing more than what a sentimental correspondence can teach them, is a proof of some great radical defect in their education touching the gravest and most important step of life. It is also proof of a visible deterioration of that part of the nature which is considered most distinctively womanly. No modest woman can possibly take such a step in life, thereby committing her most sacred interests to the chances of a lottery.

Here is also another proof, if it were needed, that women must be fitted for business, and raised by independence of purse and life above the grovelling necessities that cause them to snatch at the prospect of marriage, no matter how degrading. Woman's emancipation has the most direct bearing upon the great question how to make better, purer, holier, more enduring marriages.

STEPPING OUT.

Many, many a woman have we known to plow in eth field, hoe corn, pull fodder, make hay, feed cattle, and even to build fence, drive teams, shuck corn, and chop wood, and that, too, in these United States.

We clip the above from one of our Southern exchanges, and would really inquire whether women engaged in these employments is not stepping out of her sphere to the same extent as when she walks to the polls with ballot in hand.—REVOLUTION.

Most assuredly she does. Does THE REVOLUTION approve of this "stepping out?"

In answer to the above conundrum, which the *Democrat* proposes to us, we wish to tell a little story.

Some years ago an estimable gentleman of wealth was reduced to poverty by failure in business, as it chanced that his honor obliged him to fail poor, instead of failing rich. His eldest daughter had just left a fashionable city school, and was as uselessly and expensively educated as most girls are on entering society.

The family removed West at an inclement season of the year, and took up their abode in a wretched farm house standing on the bleak prairie, in the midst of an extensive agricultural district, settled wholly by the lower orders of Irish and Germans, some twelve or fourteen miles from any town. The house was miserably provided with comforts; fuel was scarce and high; the mother fell ill, the father was obliged to go to a distant city to seek for employment, and the winter set in with unusual severity. Here was this young girl, daintily reared, wholly untrained in housework, or any of the practical concerns of life, left with the whole care of the family upon her shoulders. She entered on a regular apprenticeship of cooking, scrubbing, washing, and ironing; and besides this, with the help of her young brothers, undertook the more arduous farm-work which else must have gone undone. Clothed in her father's coat and boots, during the severest storms of that terrible winter, she drove a herd of cattle to a distant stream, and helped with her own hands to break drinking

holes in the ice. Then she visited the barn, and assisted day after day in throwing down bedding and fodder for the helpless creatures, that they might not perish from cold and neglect.

For more than five years did that delicate, city-bred girl manage the farm, and perform the severest labor without visiting the distant town once, or having on her head what is known in those parts as a "store bonnet." Every sacrifice was bravely and cheerfully met. When at the end of that time brighter days dawned for her father, and she returned on a visit to her friends at the East, she told frankly of what she had done during her long exile, without the smallest suspicion that she had been stepping out of her sphere. There were some who listened to that story, as it was told in one of our elegant up-town parlors, with eyes scarcely dry; and some there had their faith strengthened in the inherent nobility of our girls, who can rise above the errors of a false education, and take the helm as grandly as did this one in stress of weather.

Who shall define a woman's sphere? Who has the arrogance and assumption to say just what are its limits? A woman's sphere is what she is capable of making of her life. We believe in her stepping out to do what she desires to do, can do, or by necessity is forced to do, so long as it is honest and lawful. Not that we desire to see women hoeing, ploughing, and reaping in the fields; far from it. But if there is a class of women who find these pursuits congenial, and can better earn a living in those ways than any other, who is to hinder them from following their bent? Are they not wiser after all than the pale, haggard seamstress who starves in her city garret, making shirts at twelve or fifteen cents apiece?

MRS. SARAH A. FLETCHER, M. D.

We copy the following paragraph from an article in the *Temperance Patriot*, concerning a lady who has done good service both by reclaiming inebriates and by speaking and writing on behalf of temperance. Mrs. Fletcher is now in the lecture-field:

"Mrs. Fletcher, with her experience and ability, is too valuable a person to the temperance cause to be hid under a bushel, and has been almost forced by her appreciative friends to advocate its claims before the public. She is not a superficial speaker or thinker. She talks from the heart, and from settled convictions, the result of patient study. She takes an advanced position, and gives her hearers, in a pleasant but forcible manner, something to think about. She treats of the dangers and consequences of strong drink in a way so logical, and sometimes so novel, as to impress her hearers with her thorough familiarity with all phases of the subject. Parties wishing to write to her may forward a letter in care of either our Utica or New York office. Lodges and divisions desiring a good speaker will do well to correspond with her."

What Mothers Say.—The keen parental instinct is sharper in its perceptions than the tutored brain of the philosopher; therefore, when mothers say, as they universally do, that there is nothing like *Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar* for the coughs, colds, hoarseness and croupy symptoms to which children, from their imprudence, are especially subject, no man who understands human nature will discredit their testimony. For sale at all drug stores at 50 cents and $1. Great saving by buying large size.

A PROTEST.

The Boston *Commonwealth* thus discourses concerning Anna Dickinson's dress and appearance in a lecture recently given in that city:

"Anna had the honor to appear before the first Boston audience of her season attired in a black silk dress, relieved at the waist and shoulders by scarlet of the same material. About her neck was a jaunty collar, a modest but rich necklace; upon her wrists were bracelets, and her well-shaped fingers rejoiced in the ornamentation of diamond and other rings. Her style of hair, as on previous occasions, was of the free-and-easy, young-men-of-eighteen style—short, carelessly, and yet carefully, arranged, and her eyes possessed unwonted sparkle and intelligence. On reaching the platform she deliberately surveyed the audience for some time, and, the eleventh-hour stragglers having become settled in their seats, she proceeded."

We must protest against liberties like the above, which are daily taken with public people. If not an impertinence, it certainly is an evidence of bad taste, to enumerate the garments of a speaker, like Miss Dickinson, as if one were running over the items in an auctioneer's catalogue. What business has the public with Miss Dickinson's jaunty collars and diamond rings so long as they are honestly come by? How would the editor of the *Commonwealth* like to have his own wardrobe pulled to pieces for public examination? How would he like to have it appear in print that he rejoiced in well-shaped fingers, and wore his hair in a young-man-of-eighteen style?

Unless people, by the "loudness" or eccentricity of their dress and appearance, invite newspaper comment of this sort, they certainly ought to be spared the very disagreeable infliction.

CORSET-STRINGS AND SUFFRAGE.

A gentleman in Ohio, deeply interested in the elevation and development of woman, and realizing deeply her bondage to dress, frees his mind on this subject as follows: "Reform in dress must come. The present style of woman's dress is barbarism—nothing more, nothing less. There is not a man in the universe who could 'live, move and have a being' in such a regalia, and enjoy good health of body or mind. I had rather cut loose the corset-strings of 15,000,000 of American women than to put the ballot in their hands. I had rather free woman from the bondage of petticoats, corsets, and Indian gewgaws, than to give her the franchise. If all women were free in body and mind, there is no power on this earth that could keep the ballot out of their hands—on account of sex. But as the reform for the enfranchising of women has, in the order of events, accidentally developed in the public mind first, of course I accept the situation, and labor for that end, feeling that when this step is taken, the next step will be dress reform."

Men have proposed to improve the morals, manners and fashions of women in all practicable and impracticable ways, but here is a distinctively novel scheme. Imagine this great Hotspur of reform eagerly in pursuit of the objects of his mission, and cutting loose the corset-strings of 15,000,000 of American women. What an inspiring sight!

We are glad, however, that our friend is prepared to accept the situation, and work for the enfranchising of women; for as surely as the greater involves the less, so surely does the granting of the rights of women imply the cutting of corset-strings, and the abolition of other pernicious fashions and follies.

Estelle Anna Lewis lately visited the burial place near Brussels and inquired for the grave of the great Malibran. The sexton had never heard of it, but after searching a while, the spot was found, overgrown with weeds.

ART NOTES.

A picture of Rosa Bonheur's, on exhibition at Goupil's gallery, represents a group of Marino sheep clustered in a stony pasture, with a glimpse of cold blue water beyond. The day is wet and dismal, with rain-clouds drifting along in ragged masses, and the wind rising. Some of the exposed animals are huddled together upon the ground, striving for what comfort can be had from contact with mother earth; others stand viewing the approaching tempest with anxious eyes, their fleecy covering swaying in the wind. The treatment is marked by the power for which the great artist is so famed. There are no vague, weak lines—no vapid, meaningless passages. Although the subject does not give occasion for that superb energy which marks Rosa Bonheur's greatest works, it will, by its truth, attract the eyes of many who put fidelity and thoroughness before all other qualities in art.

The same room contains a small picture by Mayer Von Bremen, by which one lingers, and to which one returns many times. Whatever may be its technical merits or defects, there is a tender, appealing look in the face of the peasant woman who sits upon the margin of the sea, and thinks of days that come no more, and one who perhaps will never return over the briny deep, that makes us covet the work as we seldom covet artistic efforts which critics pronounce faultless. The purity and sadness of that lone woman's face is divine. Nothing can be finer than the retrospective gaze of the large sad eyes that seem to shape loved things that have died out of the impalpable air. You feel that the sea has neither music, motion, light nor joy for her; she has wandered to it from the force of a pathetic habit; it is the tomb of something she has lost, and which it will never render up.

Such pictures do us good. We wish more of them were painted. How can artists spend their strength upon the sheen of a fold of satin, the intricacies of a bit of lace, while there is a world of human emotion, love, sorrow, joy, all around them?

MR. PRANG'S FAVORS.

We have received from Mr. Prang two beautiful engravings—one an artist's proof of Eastman Johnson's admirable picture called "Our Women Warriors," which represents one of the most frequent incidents of the late rebellion. A fair young women nurse seated is by the cot of a sick and wounded soldier, writing a letter home, "to mother" perhaps, at his dictation. This work, imbued with the homely tenderness, the gentle pathos, which the great artist knows so well how to spread over his canvas, will appeal to every heart that still vibrates with the emotions which our great national struggle awoke.

The other picture is entitled "Representative Women," and puts before us, in a cluster of handsome vignettes, the welcome faces of Lucretia Mott, Mrs. Stanton, Anna Dickinson, Susan B. Anthony, Lydia Maria Child, Mrs. Livermore, and Grace Greenwood. These, on the whole, admirable likenesses of women we all love and honor, ought to be the household friends of at least every sympathizer in the woman cause. We heartily commend both the above works to the notice of our readers.

Two young German ladies have been admitted as students to the California University.

KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

There are somethings too puerile, and other things too scurrilous to notice. To the latter class belongs the article in a late number of the New York *Citizen and Round Table*, entitled "Peaceful Wild Women;" but nevertheless, we cannot allow this scandalous attack on a woman of Mrs. Howe's dignity of character and enviable literary fame to pass without comment.

No woman has ever labored for truth and justice with more unexceptionable weapons than Mrs. Howe. She is endowed with that gentle persuasiveness, that soft persistency, that percolates through stubborn masses of prejudice, where a more aggressive mode of attack would fail to influence. Mrs. Howe is, in every sense of the word, a lady of genius, culture, and refinement. Those most bitterly opposed to her opinions cannot in justice withhold this tribute to her mental and personal characteristics. The remarks of the *Citizen and Round Table*, therefore, upon Mrs. Howe's recent effort, so nobly made, to arouse the moral sense of society to the wickedness of war seem peculiarly envenomed, considering that the attack was wholly uninvited by anything in the conduct of the meeting presided over by the venerable Bryant, or the speech in which Mrs. Howe set forth her views. All Mrs. Howe's co-workers are called wild women "who live and move, and have their eccentric being in the atmosphere of strife, whose mission it is to fight with Chinese turbulence, and din against every established institution, and whose usually large-sized hands are like the hand of Ishmael, against every man."

Mrs. Howe herself is designated as "a married Wild person, who is widely known as the writer of unintelligible poems, and the leading lady in the comedy of Philhellenism."

Such attacks, made against names worthy of all honor and respect—names that the world will delight to write on the bead-roll of fame, as assuredly will be the case with Mrs. Howe's—are very much like the old shot-gun Professor Wilson tells of in his boyish reminiscences, which was so popular among his schoolmates: it took a prodigious amount of hammering with a flint to get it to go off, and when at last it did discharge its contents, the fortunate young sportsman found himself prostrated upon the ground by a tremendous kick. Gratuitous and unmerited abuse has a particularly vicious way of kicking, which brings its perpetrator below the line of contempt.

TWO PICTURES.

"A Boston girl asks the following pertinent questions of other Boston girls: 'Could you love a man who wore false hair on his head, when he had enough of his own? Who painted his face and improved his form as you improve (?) yours? Who pinched his feet with small shoes, his hands with small gloves, his waist with corsets; and then, as if he had not already deformed himself enough, tied a huge bustle to his back, and thurst tiny mountains of wire into his bosom.'"

We would put the following pertinent questions to young men. Could you love a girl who defiled her mouth with tobacco and loaded the air with fumes of cigars? Who staggered home several times a week the worse for liquor? Who indulged in fast horses, bet high at races, and swaggered around the streets with questionable companions?

Which picture wears the most alluring colors?

"WAS 'OO EVER A BOY?"

My little four-year-old Harry,
Bright in beauty and joy,
Said with his accent of wonder,
"Papa, was 'oo ever a boy?
Was 'oo ever as little as I be?"
"Dear baby," I said, in reply,
"Will my darling ever be weary,
And heartworn, and sinful as I?"

With forehead of whiteness and candor,
And loving and innocent eyes,
Thou dost measure the distance between us
With a strange and holy surprise.
Thou like a bud flushed and fragrant;
I like a leaf at its fall;
I far away from the angels—
Thou within reach of their call.

Type of the beauty celestial,
Humble, and tender and sweet,
Thou comest in faith, my darling,
To sit at thy father's feet.
Taught by thy loving example,
By thy truth that knows no alloy,
May I go to our Father as simply,
And in heart be always a boy.

FANNY M. BARTON.

Extracts.

THE BELLES OF ROME—THE "GIRL OF THE PERIOD" IN THE DAYS OF THE CÆSARS.

So expensive were the girls of Rome that Julius Cæsar was induced to offer premiums in encouragement of marriage. He allowed married women to dress more superbly than the unmarried, and to drive in costlier carriages; and he relieved of various taxes the man who was father of three children. The distinction of dress was gradually obliterated under the emperors; but the privileges of the natorum genitor trium seems rather to have increased, since he had a right to the best seats in the public games, and was more readily admitted to official positions. Shall we come to this sort of thing in America?

The mania for an appearance of abundant hair, which has attacked the modern female world, seems not to have prevailed in Rome. In this city false hair is rather the rule than the exception; it takes the forms of chignons, braids, plaits, and what not. The female head, which is really a pretty thing when you can see its shape, is deformed by accretions and agglomerations. How long this absurdity of fashion will last we cannot guess; for fashion is a strange thing, and does not change any faster, but, indeed, sometimes lasts longer, by reason of being ugly and offensive. Fashion is the most irresistible of all forces; it is stronger than even religion. It is also the most unaccountable of all forces. You can seldom trace its origin; you can never calculate its duration. Inasmuch as fashion ought to be the application of art to social life, it would doubtless be an excellent thing if the people of artistic capacity would condescend to "lead the fashion." This has been done by a man—Count D'Orsay. We do not think that any woman of the true type has ever attempted it. If only a lady, who united high birth and intellect, and a cultivated taste for the beautiful, would take the matter in hand, what a multitude of monstrosities we might be spared!

Wise, in our belief, are those artists of dress who seek to imitate natural forms. Leaves and flowers, and even fruit, are delightful as the decorations of beauty. Even birds and butterflies have been appropriately pressed into service. A bird of paradise, or purple butterfly, adds to the fairy grace of a bonnet. Let the lady who is blue mount Athene's owl, and the gossip adorn herself with a magpie. Roman ladies were ahead of our American girls; "Galidum callo nectic Glacilla dracon em," says Martial. Yes, Glacilla wore around her beautiful neck a gold serpent; nor was she alone in this habit. Seneca, Lucian, Pliny, bear witness that the girls of Rome wore living snakes around their necks, and cherished them in their bosoms. They seem to have found them pleasantly cool. Will any model girl of the period set this fashion in mid-summer? Pleasant for the eager lover to approach within osculating distance, and to find the glossy eyes of a snake fixed on him, its forked tongue quivering near him! This kind of partnership between Eve and her tempter is not altogether desirable.

LETTER FROM CLARA BARTON.

Mrs. Josephine Griffing has recently received a letter from Clara Barton, dated Carlsruhe, October 11, from which we make the following extract:

I am in the midst of very much such a work here as you are at home. By request of the Grand Duchess of Baden I have come into Strasbourg to do as you do in Washington. I say by her request. I explained to her what could, and perhaps should, be done, and how; and she begged me to go and undertake the organization of the work. I am at this moment in Carlsruhe—shall pass a portion of the evening with the Grand Duchess, and go to Strasbourg in the morning with some assistants to carry out my plans. Oh, how my heart turns to and yearns for you!

This is a fearful war, and the desolation of the country over which it runs is and will be terrible. I am in it with all the interests of my heart. True, 'tis not *our* war and *our* men, but it will yet prove to be one of God's wars, and the shackles will, through it, yet fall from the souls of men and women as in ours they did from the wrists of the slaves. You may not see it there, but I see it here, and one day I will tell you how it is. How I bless God every hour that he gives me back my strength to work! You know how my heart sank when I saw myself out of the work of the world. It was darker than night to me; yea, darker than death, and nothing sustained me but the unquenchable hope, that when it was really needful that I work in His vineyard, he would lend me back again my armor of strength and show me my field. Blessed be His name, and blessed are they who put their trust in Him.

MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPS.

We learn of the death of the father of Miss Adelaide Philips. Thus ends a chapter of family history whose details the public is not entitled to know, but which, in justice to our favorite American contralto, ought to be somewhat understood. It simply concerns all those who have taken an interest in Miss Phillips to know, that for several years past the care of her father has drawn her from successful professional engagements again and again, and to her great detriment and loss. How great have been the sacrifices which her untiring and sublime filial devotion has imposed upon her only a few personal friends know, or are likely to know. They have learned, however, to render to her a far higher honor as a woman than any singer could win in the walks of her profession. And it is right that the public should know—although we are certain that Miss Phillips will dislike any allusion to her trials in the past—something of the reasons why she has so often mysteriously withdrawn from her professional career, and why, with her splendid vocal and histrionic talents, she has made no greater career.

These reasons we have hinted at, and the knowledge of them will not only explain a so far broken career, but will endear to all true-hearted men and women the name of the noble woman who has so quietly and bravely sacrificed her brightest openings to success when summoned to the care of her father.—*Evening Mail.*

We would call the attention of our readers to the *American Broiler* advertised in one of our columns. It is pronounced by the best authority—that is, expert cooks and housekeepers—to excel everything in that line of utensils they have ever known.

PEACE UNION.

A cordial invitation is extended to all friends of peace to attend an annual convention of the Pennsylvania branch of The Universal Peace Union at the large hall on Eleventh street, near Wood, Philadelphia, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 15th and 16th. Sessions will commence at 7½ P.M. Tuesday, and at 3 and 7½ P.M. on Wednesday. Elihu Burritt, Lucretia Mott and other peace advocates will be present. The question of the establishment of a permanent Court of Arbitration between the English speaking nations will occupy much of the attention of the convention. ALFRED H. LOVE, President.

If you have a suffering child, do not let your prejudices, or the prejudices of others, stand between it and the relief that will be absolutely sure to follow the use of *Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup.* Millions of mothers can testify that it is a perfectly safe and reliable remedy. It relieves the child from pain, and cures dysentery and diarrhœa. It softens the gums, reduces inflammation, cures wind colic, and carries the infant safely through the teething period.

We cheerfully call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the "Empire Sewing Machine Company." Some of our friends are now using the Empire, and they speak very highly of them. In fact, some say that the Empire is the king of sewing machines. We would advise all parties to give them a trial.

Mlle. Tietjens and her neice, Mlle. Sandrina, have been presiding at a stall in a bazaar held in Dublin for the benefit of a Roman Catholic charity. They received enthusiastic applause on entering the room, and proved themselves not less efficient as saleswomen than as vocalists. Their stall was beseiged throughout the day by eagerly competing purchasers.

Special Notices.

ECONOMICAL, RELIABLE, THE BEST.—*Dooley's Yeast Powder* is superior to all others in market. Free from any injurious substances, and so nicely compounded, that the contents of each box insures light, sweet, healthy biscuits, rolls, and pastry.

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Great Revolution in Hair-Dressing—Immense Sales—Agents Realizing Splendid Profits.—The Flexible Magnetic Hair Curlers and Crimpers will curl or wave any hair in from ten to thirty minutes, without the use of hot curling irons or injurious chemical compounds. They are very simple; can be used by a child; are neat in appearance, when in use, and from their flexible construction will be found superior to any other article for comfort. Will be sent to any address on receipt of price.

1 box, containing 12—2 inch long, 50 cts.
1 " " "—3 " " 75 "
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In ordering, mention which you want—*Curlers or Crimpers.* Liberal terms to Agents and Dealers.

Address G. W. WOOD, *Herald Building*, 218 Broadway, N. Y., General Agent for the United States.

Also sold by A. T. Stewart & Co., H. B. Claflin & Co., Arnold, Constable & Co., Lord & Taylor, Calhoun, Robbins & Co., J. B. Spellman & Sons, Cook & Valentine, Howard, Sanger & Co., Rawson & Co., F. A. Morrison, R. H. Macy, and all Notion, Fancy Goods and Hair Dealers, throughout the United States and Canadas. o6 3m

DOTY'S WASHING MACHINE,

Lately much improved, and the new

UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER,

Improved with ROWELL'S PATENT DOUBLE COG-WHEELS and the PATENT STOP, are now unquestionably far superior to any apparatus for washing clothes ever invented, and will save their cost twice a year, by saving labor and clothes.

Those who have used them give testimony as follows:

"We like our machine much; could not be persuaded to do without it, and with the aid of Doty, we feel that we are masters of the position —*Rev. L. Scott, Bishop M. E. Church.*

The N. Y. *Weekly Tribune* of December 15th, 1869, in answer to a correspondent, says: "Of Washers, there is none to be compared with Doty's."

PRICES—A FAIR OFFER.

If the merchants in your place will not furnish or send for the machines, send us the retail price, Washer $14, Extra Wringer $9, and we will forward either or both machines, free of freight, to places where no one is selling; and so sure are we they will be liked, that we agree to refund the money if any one wishes to return the machines free of freight, after a month's trial, according to directions.

No husband, father or brother should *permit* the drudgery of washing with the hands fifty-two days in the year, when it can be done better, more expeditiously, with less labor, and no injury to the garments, by a Doty Clothes Washer and a Universal Wringer.

Sold by dealers generally, to whom liberal discounts are made. R. C. BROWNING, GEN'L AGENT,
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BARGAINS IN FURS!!!

THE FINEST MINK FURS,
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COLLARS, BOAS, CAPS, TURBANS, FANCY PIECES, and in TRIMMING.

Our Stock is extensive, and one of the choicest in the country.

PRICES GREATLY REDUCED.

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BALCH, PRICE & CO.,
Late BIGELOW & Co.
ESTABLISHED 1832. n10 4t

FINE MILLINERY.

MME. BENTLEY has returned from Paris and London. The *elite* are invited to her rooms, where novelties in BONNETS, BRIDAL WREATHS, FINE FLOWERS, PLUMES, TRIMMINGS, DES DRUTELLES will be seen.

n10 14 FULTON AVENUE.

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FOR

PROMOTING THE GROWTH AND PRESERVING THE BEAUTY OF THE HUMAN HAIR.

No other Compound possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly suit the various conditions of the human hair.

It softens the hair when harsh and dry.
It soothes the irritated scalp.
It affords the richest lustre.
It remains longest in effect.
It prevents the hair from falling off.
It promotes its healthy, vigorous growth.
It is not greasy or sticky.
It leaves no disagreeable odor.

LOSS OF HAIR.

BOSTON, July 19.

Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co.: For many months my hair has been falling off, until I was fearful of losing it entirely. The skin upon my head became gradually more and more inflamed.

I commenced the use of your Cocoaine the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation; in three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared, the hair ceased to fall, and I have now a thick growth of new hair.

Yours, very truly, SUSAN R. POPE.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

EAST MIDDLEBORO', MASS., June 9, 1864.

Messrs. Burnett & Co.: My daughter has been afflicted with neuralgia in her head for three years. She had used during that time many powerful applications. These, with the intense heat caused by the pains, burned her hair so badly, that in October, 1861, it all came off.

She was induced to try your Cocoaine, and the result was astonishing. She had not used half the contents of a bottle before her head was covered with a fine young hair. In four months the hair has grown several inches in length, very thick, soft, and fine, and of a darker color than formerly.

With respect, WILLIAM S. EDDY.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE is the BEST and CHEAPEST Hair-Dressing in the world. It promotes the GROWTH OF THE HAIR, and is entirely free from all irritating matter. The name and title thereof is adopted as a Trade-Mark, to secure the public and proprietors against imposition by the introduction of spurious articles. All unauthorized use of this Trade-Mark will be promptly prosecuted.

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.,
Manufacturers and Proprietors,
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For Sale by Druggists everywhere. sep22

HEALDS' HYGEIAN HOME,

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DRS. PUSEY AND MARY H. HEALD will open their new institution for the hygienic treatment of invalids (without medicines) Jan. 1, 1871. Dr. M. H. Heald (formerly Dr. York) was widely known to hygienists during several years' pracitice at "Our Home," Dansville, N. Y. Dr. P. Heald has also had large experience in the hygienic system of treatment. The building—beautifully located in the suburbs of a most delightful and healthful city, near the romantic and historic Brandywine, and overlooking the Delaware River—is entirely new, and was planned expressly for a "Cure." Every apartment will be warmed by *Steam-heated air*, and be *thoroughly ventilated*, giving a *pure* atmosphere, free from all gas and dust, and insuring the comfort and welfare of winter guests. The best appliances for water and sun baths, Swedish movements, etc., hygienic diet, including the choicest fresh and canned fruits.

Invalids will find a cheerful home, kind care, and skillful treatment. *Mrs. H. will devote special attention to invalid women.* The "better way" taught in lectures. For circulars, etc., address, with stamp, until above date, Pusey Heald, M. D., or Mary H. Heald, M. D., N. E. cor. 12th and Green Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

After said date, address

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The Revolution.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE WELFARE OF WOMAN.

EDITED BY

MRS. LAURA CURTIS BULLARD.

PROSPECTUS.

THE REVOLUTION is a journal devoted to the welfare of Woman.

If its name be thought too ungentle to represent the sex for whom it speaks, let us explain in what sense its purpose is revolutionary.

A women is a teacher in a school in which, for doing the same duty as a man, exercising the same skill as a man, and achieving the same success as a man, she gets only one-third as much salary as a man; and this unfairness of wages we aim to revolutionize.

A woman toils from Monday morning till Saturday night, earning a scanty living for a besotted husband and hungry children, and at the end of every week her wages become the property of a man who, instead of supporting her, is supported by her; and this legalized serfdom we aim to revolutionize.

A woman works in a factory two hours a day longer than human nature ought to endure, and receives a weekly compensation too small sometimes to keep soul and body together; and this over-work and under-pay we aim to revolutionize.

A woman wishes to provide her children with a good education, but, in seeking to do so, discovers that though every ignorant man in the school-district has a voice in determining the school system, she herself has legally no influence whatever; and this unreasonable restriction we seek to revolutionize.

A woman is held to a strict account by society (as she ought to be) for personal purity of character, while, at the same time, public opinion holds out a hundred-fold more liberal pardon to the vices of men; and this unequal and debasing standard of morality we aim to revolutionize.

A woman loves her country, cherishes its institutions, rears her children to reverence its liberty, and is herself one of its most serviceable citizens, yet is denied her just suffrage in determining the laws by which she is governed, while every vagabond who sleeps in a gutter at night may be awakened in the morning, and carted as a citizen to the ballot-box; and this mockery of republican equality we seek to revolutionize.

Not to lengthen the catalogue of illustrations, we say in brief, that every law of the State, every limitation of wages, every inadequate system of education, every tyranny of custom, every equal conventionalism of society, and every other incubus which bears unjustly and injuriously on woman, to cripple her growth and hinder her progress;—any and every obstacle which prevents her realization of the high ideal to which God predestined woman by creating her soul for an immortal equality with man's;—all this we aim to revolutionize.

Called into existence to utter the cry of the ill-paid, of the unfriended, and of the disfranchised, this journal is woman's voice speaking from woman's heart.

Shall it not be heard? Is it not entitled to the sympathy and support of the women of America? Ought it not be received as a welcome guest into their homes and hearts?

Let every earnest woman who reads this Prospectus subscribe for this paper.

THE REVOLUTION is published not for any pecuniary gain to its responsible conductors, for they receive no compensation for their services. Its proprietors are a joint-stock company, who have supplied it with a capital of fifty thousand dollars, and who mean to publish it at it actual cost, without a penny of profit.

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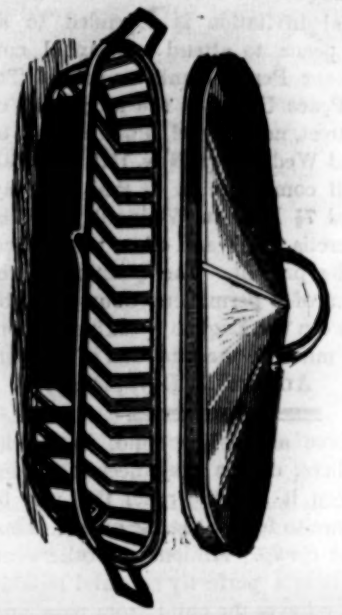

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"TROCHES," so called, sold by the ounce, are a poor imitation, and nothing like BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, which are sold only in boxes with *fac simile* of the Proprietors,

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on the outside wrapper or box, and private government stamp attached to each box.

This care in putting up the Troches is important as a security to the purchaser, in order to be sure of obtaining the genuine Brown's Bronchial Troches. o6 6m

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